Investigation Begun Into the Case of Adolphus Drucker, on Whose Life Policies Amounting to a Million Were Written.

DIAGNOSED AT BELLEVUE AS ONE OF ALCOHOLISM.

A Single Policy for \$500,000 Is Said to Have Been Held by Hooley, the British Pro-

That Adolphus Drucker, the distin guished Englishman who died in Bellevue Hospital last Thursday of a complication of disorders which, according to Bellevue custom, were diagnosed under the single head of alcoholism, was one of the heaviest insured men in the world is revealed by despatches from abroad, which intimate that the British insurance companies propose to institute a rigid investigation into the death of the former Member of Parliament be-fore a single dollar of the insurance

Already the investigation has begun here. Lawyers representing the insurance companies most heavily involved have begun to trace Drucker's every move from the time he came to this country en route to British Columbia. where he had heavy mining interests, to the time that, wild-eyed and apparently drunk, he tore around the Grand Central Station, on Forty-second street, yelling at the top of his lurgs and giving every indication of being a

the remarkable metamorphosis a few days worked in this usually conserva-

His Friends Are Amazed.

Men in this city who have known him for years, both socially and in a business way, were amazed when they learned the circumstances under which he was taken to Bellavue and thrown into the alcoholic ward. They have learned to-day that the insurance on this man's life amounted to a million dollars or more, and that one single my next month's pay." policy, held by Ernest Terah Hooley, the famous English promoter, amounts

Eugene N. Robinson, of No. 141 Broad-way, Drucker'is confidential counsel in this city, has a full list of the policies carried on the man's life both by himself and others, but he positively re-fused to-day to make them public. Until he receives advices from the man's nearest relatives in London he will not reveal them, he said. Meanwhile there is ample evidence in the London despatches received here to-London despatches received here to-day that Drucker was the subject of a big insurance gamble and that many different men held policles on his life. In this country this sort of specula-tion is practically unknown, but in England it is commonly practised, and but for the enormous amount said to be carried on this man's life and the very mysterious conditions under which he met his end, the case would not attract unusual attention.

he met his end, the case would not attract unusual attention.

Livicker was at one time a multi-millionaire. He had enormous business interests in Holland, in England and in British Columbia. For the proper development of his ranch and mining interests in the latter place he organized a company, and one of those whose interest he secured was the promoter Hooley.

Hooley Protected Himself.

sets.
On Monday last Mr. Drucker registered at the Grand Union Hotel, announcing that he had just come from Canada. On Tuesday morning he created a scene in the hotel dining-room, smashing furniture and crockery and making a great disturbance. That same afternoon he appeared at the Grand Central Depot, where he was arrested.

After lingering for two days in Belle-

where he was arrested.

After lingering for two days in Bellevue Hospital he died there of what the doctors said was acute alcoholism. His body is now in Taylor's undertaking establishment at No. 453 Amsterdam avenue. Late to-day it was taken to Kensico for burial.

Mr. Drucker represented the Northampton district in Parliament, with Henry Labouchere. He was only thirty-four years old, and never married, but while at home always lived in London with his mother, a well-known social leader. Drucker came of a distinguished Leyden family. His prother is Professor of Jurisprudence in Leyden University and a member of the Dutch Parliament. Drucker was a member of the Carleton and other exclusive London clubs. He had never been known as a high rolier save in a tusiness way.

MISSING FOR NINE MONTHS.

William J. Martin Bisappeared

from Home Last March. William P. Martin has been missing from his home at No. 548 Broome street since March last. He is thirty years of age, and had been employed in the delivery department of a mercantile house, but was without work when he house, but was without work when he disoppeared.

Ma the is of medium height and we ght and ark complexion. His mother is cushle to account for his leaving home, and fears he is ashamed now to return.

DEAD MAN FOUND IN RIVER.

man floating in the East River at the man hoating in the East etiver at the foot of One Hundred and Fourteenth street this afternoon.

The man was about thirty-five years old and weighed 130 pounds. He had light hair, blue eyes and a brown moustache. He wore a black sack coat, cardigan jacket, blue overcoat and white shirt. In one of his pockets was a ticket for the Manhattan Hospital, dated Dec. 5, and bearing the name of Patrick McGuire.

Benedict Sawhale, of No. 341 Grove are described as the started of the morning asking her to go to Paris immediately and she started on the morning asking of her street. Brooklyn, was injured to-day while driving a brewery wagon across Beverly road, near Brighton ePach. A son's tragic death when she left. Lord heavily on the ground. He sustained heavily on the ground. He sustained having ment to Paris Thursday, on a fortnight's visit. Relatives here day the body will be brought from Paris for the asking.

The engineer, Charles H. Graham, was arrested for assault.

Bright a linear received a telegram this morning asking her to go to Paris immediately and she started on the morning train, but she had no inkling of her son's tragic death when she left. Lord Abnow's Catarrhal Powder to 'live up to the preaching' in all it claims: Bishon Service of the preaching in all it claims in all it claims in all it claims in all it claims in all i

STRANCE DEATH, "The Waldorf Crowd"—Men Who Have Made Their NATURE'S RIC INSURANCE Piles in South and West Studied by Opie Read. VITALIZER



CHARACTER STUDIES OF OPIE READ, FAMOUS AUTHOR, HUMORIST AND WRITER.

HROUGH the corridors of the Waldorf strolled the old-timers, Pros-, our old friend Bud Daniels." perity had not robbed them of a certain picturesqueness of appearance, nor had convention stilted their tongues with dignified dullance, nor had convention stilted their tongues with dignified dull"Yes, sir, our old Bud. He invited me to a ball as soon as I got off the train, and we had a great time. Bud became involved in a little difficulty

and some of them dyspeptic. I was pleased to see among them Col. S. M. Fordice, who during many years was President of the St. Louis, Arkansas and Texas Railway. It is not true, as was once enviously said of him, that in consideration of the fact that his road ran through the swamps he requested Congress to de-

One day years ago, when the Colonel was a railway president, there came into his office a tall fellow who, like a long-handled knife, shut himself up—that is to say, he sat down principally on his back. The Colonel looked at him.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"I am a brakeman on your road."
"Well, that isn't my fault." "Mine either. But I am now on a week's vacation and I thought I'd drop into see you on business. The fact is, I want to get \$20 advance on

"I can't let you have it. You'd spend it in uproarious living." "No, sir, it would go quietly enough."

"It's the rules and I can't accommodate you.

"Sorry, Colonel, but it is a case of life or death."
"Can't violate the rule. Good day."
"I believe you would if you knew how I need the money." With a sigh he arose and stood twisting his slouch hat. "It's no case of medicine shoes for the children.'

"Good day." "The fact is I've been playing poker over here and got broke; and Colonel, I want to know if you are willing to go on record as seeing a man friz out when you could"-

"Now look here," the Colonel broke in, "why didn't you tell me at first how serious it was. I'll give you an order for the money.

TT WAS about this time that Bill Leatherby, who introduced himself to of the Webb County Times, wrote to Fordice for a pass. On this par- myse'f an' da doan run from duty. ticular occasion the Colonel was not in the best of humor. One of his exto be held responsible. So he took Bill's letter and upon the back of it wrote the following. "I don't know anything about your paper. Where does it go, anyhow?" press trains had killed a red heifer worth ten dollars and the road was sure

does it go, anyhow?"

And Bill, after pondering over the insult, wrote thus in reply: "The Webb County Times goes all over the southern half of the county, and it is with difficulty that I've kept it from going to hell."

"I sent him an annual pass," said the Colonel, "and once when he lacked 60 cents of having enough money to get his blanked paper out of the express office I supplied him with the money. Why, hello here!"

Along the brilliant Waldorf corridor known as Millionaires' Row came

Hooley Protected Himself.

Hooley put a lot of money in the British Columbia enterprise, but protected himself, it is said, by taking a policy for \$500,000 on Drucker's life. In 1901, the intergests sollapsed and Drucker, who had resigned from Parliament to give his personal attention to this branch of the business, went back to London, a bankrupt. In the proceedings for the settlement of his affairs which followed he confessed liabilities of \$1,750,000. There were no assets.

Hooley Protected Himself.

Along the brilliant Waldorf corridor known as Millionaires' Row came Sam Tate, who at one time owned a big cotton plantation down on the Mississippi River. Once Tate called on the Carpetbag Governor of Arkansas and said: "Governor, if you're not too busy this morning I'd like to have a pardon."

"Who for?"

"Ah, for yourself! And what for?"

"Killing a nigger."

"When did you kill him?"

"Killing a nigger."
"When did you kill him?"

"Oh, I haven't killed him yet—thought I'd get a pardon in advance, so there wouldn't be any trouble about it."

IVING near Tate was a justice of the peace, and one morning he called on Sam and said: "Say, I want to go fishing, and I'd like you to take my place on the bench for a day or two." "But I haven't been elected," Sam protested.
"Oh, that's all right. Neither was I."

"But who will swear me in?"

"But wait a minute," said Sam. "Let me understand the law first. Suppose a man is arrested for drunkenness."

"Take his liquor away from him, if he's got any, and keep it till I

get back.'

"Suppose a fellow's brought up for stealing."
"Well, arguy with him, and if he seems to be a gentleman let him go."
"And for wife beating?"

"Hang him." "But wouldn't that be beyond the jurisdiction of this court?"

"Well, no; not with a rope handy."

Tate was sworn, the oath involving an obligation until the following. Thursday, and shortly after he took his seat up came a man charged with having shot an exemplary citizen. "Your Honor," said the prosecuting witness, "the man that was killed never did anything wrong, and this here fellow strained a point of honor, sir, in killing him. Why, Judge, he didn't even chaw tobacco, didn't smoke, didn't bet on the races,

"Hold on," the Judge commanded. "You say he didn't chaw tobacce nor smoke."
"Didn't do nary one of 'em, sir."

"Didn't gamble?"
"No, sir."

"Never bet on a hoss?"
"Never did, sir."

"Ah, well, he didn't have anything to live for. Discharge the prisoner.

HOSE were great days," spoke up Major Neill Brewster, now here burning money, "and I'd like to be back there again, poor as I was. What a lesson for the youngsters to know that money isn't everything. After I left your part of the country, Sam, I went to Ragtosh, Longshoromen found the body of a in the Indian Territory. And, by the way, the first man I met there was

Tumbled Downstairs.

PARIS, Dec. 12.-Lord Abinger died in a hospital here to-day as the result of injuries sustained in falling down the

FALL KILLED LORD ABINGER. The Clergy

HURT BY A RAILWAY TRAIN.

Benedict Sawhale, of No. 311 Grove treet, Brooklyn, was injured to-day while driving a however the control of the c

ness. From many parts of the country had the considerably."

of neighborhood history, a character each one of them. Now they are rich with a fellow that insulted a woman and chastised him considerably."

and some of them dyspectic.

"What did he do?"

embodiment of a palsied benediction, shaking with years; but can easily see them. You can hear from the greeting of his friends, whom he had not seen for many a their own lips the wonderful stories of dis-Tall, erect, with the whitening beard of a prophet, he is the picture of a past dear, to many an aging heart. His sense of humor is as quiet as a brave man's modesty, and his laughter is like the glad ripple of a rivulet.

The greeting of his friends, whom he had not seen for many a long and nerve-string day, seemed to snatch off his age, like a frosted wig. His eyes were mist-curtained, this old fellow who never knew the meaning of fear, and from the past there floated an incident in his life. of fear, and from the past there floated an incident in his life. Years ago he had the playful habit of wearing a big knife down the back of his neck, and in those days he was not always sober. And when treading the tangled Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness or path it was his pleasure to yell like an Indian. One afternoon he came stomach troubles of any kind cannot exist down the street, a hollering, and a negro who formerly had belonged to him when my Paw-Paw is used. and who that day had been appointed to a position on the police force,

'You infernal black scoundrel, I'll cut your throat.'

you disgrace de fambly; an' dar has jest been finished er new calaboose up yeah an' ef you hollers ergin I'll hattr put you in'dar, an' it would be er

The Colonel reached for his knife, but the negro was too quick for him; and in the grasp of that black glant the old man was but a child. He eases where they once have a foothoid. was taken to the lock-up and placed behind the bars, and as his captor But I do not advertise my Paw-Paw as a turned away the old man shook the grated door and said: "Just now I was specific in these cases. drunk, but being locked up by a nigger has sobered me. Jim.'

"Yas, sah," answered his former slave.
"Did you ever know me to tell anything but the truth?"

lieve me, won't you?"

lowing day the negro policeman was to die. The chief of police told him to society by shooting a constable and who now was editor and proprietor leave town, but he shook his head. "I kain't do dat, sah, caze I'se er Buck

'You don't mean that you are going to stand here on this corner till old man comes?"

'Well, good-by. I'll not see you any more alive.'

"I reckon not, sah. Good-by."

After a while we saw the old man coming, straight with determination,

'Jim, did you ever catch me in a lie?"

"But you have this time. Come down and have a drink." And upon ogether they walked away

"What, our old Bud, that used to keep on talking after the truth gave

"Cut his infernal throat, sir."

HY, there comes old Andy Buck," said Fordice. He came like the

'Skuze me, Colonel, but you musn't holler dat way.'

"You internal black scoundrel, I'll cut your throat."

Yas, sah, I knows dat, but I'se er Buck mys'f an' I kain't erford ter let is this condition of perfect digestion, perfect digesti

"No, sah; you couldn't tell a lie."
"And if I tell you that when I get out of here I'll kill you—you'll be-

"All right. I'll kill you to-morrow morning."

"Dat's whut I got ter do, sah, caze I'se er Buck."

fierce as a typified vengeance, and we knew that the negro was to die, but no one ventured to save him. He stood looking afar off. The old man halted in front of him and wheeled about like a soldier

"You said you were goin' ter kill me dis mornin', sah."

and we stood there in silence, looking after them.



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It will cure Nervousness.
It will cure Selectionses.
It will cure Selectionses.
It will ture Sleeplessness.
It will ture Sleeplessness. Cure will drive it out of your system, as

It will cure Nerslessness.

It will cure Sleeplessness.

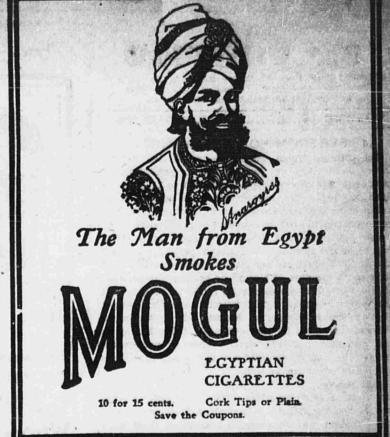
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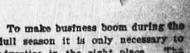
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